



ECSOSA

Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association

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NEWSLETTER March 2017



REVOLUTION AT THE COUNTY SCHOOL

Reported by DOUGLAS WAUGH (1930-1934)

The year was either 1932 or 1933 when there was a stifling hot summer. To wear the traditional blazer was almost lethal. My friend, and near neighbour, Cecil Young, decided to take action, so as school opened the following morning we arrived clad in shorts and open necked shirts. Most of our fellow pupils looked envious—not so the teachers—some suggested we should go home. Those already clad in gowns also



looked envious and others rushed to be the first to warn Mr. North, the Headmaster.

He had a bit of a problem because Cecil and I had lead parts in the school's production of "Twelfth Night", shortly to take place. So we were expelled with a broad hint that if the following day we returned with orthodox uniform we would be re-installed. The following day it poured with rain—The revolution was over.

Douglas Waugh retains his title as our oldest member

MEMORIES OF UPPER EDMONTON

Thank you Margaret Cook for her eulogy for (Upper) Edmonton. It revived so many memories of Silver Street.

I lived near the Cambridge roundabout, at the junction of the Great Cambridge Road and the North Circular Road. The Cambridge Hotel (demolished some time ago in the cause of road improvement) was a big roadhouse with an off-licence where you could buy beer and spirits to drink at home (not that anyone did in our house). On another corner was Weir Hall Library, now also gone for the same reason. This little branch library, where I spent many happy hours, was opened in 1938.

I started school at Silver Street Infants, a very forbidding building. I recall Hatt's, the fishmongers, because during the war I used to bundle up old newspapers to sell to them for a few pennies. The papers were so thin it took a long time to make much. On the opposite side of the road was Klinger's factory, where my father worked. They made ladies' stockings and most of the employees were women.

Very close to Silver Street station was a record shop called Dancy's, where I used to buy 78's in paper sleeves. The Regal was almost opposite, a big cinema which had an organ. Between the 'B' movie and the big picture the lights would come up and the usherettes sold ice creams. This is when you would hear the organ start. It would appear from the depths, lights flashing, and when it stopped the organist would turn round and give us a beaming smile.

Just round the corner, in Fore Street, was a branch of Fred Wade's, the Gent's Outfitters. This is where I bought my wedding suit in 1956!

Bruce Goddard (1942-49)

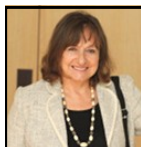
Margaret Cook's article (December 2016) jogged more memories which to the modern students at ECS must be ancient history.

Night time air raids came and went, but I do not remember much about them except for one dark evening returning home to Regal Court with mother on the trolley bus from Tottenham. There was an air raid taking place, and just as the bus approached the Angel there was a huge explosion which rocked the bus. All bus windows were reinforced with a netting-like material that was stuck on, which prevented them splintering. A small diamond shape was left clear so that one could look out. The bus conductor said to mother "It sounds like a landmine", whatever that was. I cannot remember any damage on the 500 yard walk home from the bus stop, but when mother tried to open the front door of No. 27 it would not budge. We went round to the back door and got in that way. The front door opened onto a small porch and we found that the complete porch ceiling had fallen down due to the blast from the landmine and had blocked the front door.

No other serious damage was apparent apart from cracked windows, but, in hindsight, No. 27 Regal Court is probably still suffering from the effects today, with cracked walls and loose pointing. As Margaret recalls, the bomb had landed on the other side of the Enfield to Liverpool Street railway opposite Pymmes Park in Silver Street and destroyed the row of terraced cottages and their poor occupants. The railway embankment was very high and deflected the worst of the blast upward and away from Regal Court. For a few years after the war a row of prefabs were built on site, but now Edmonton Telephone Exchange and Dover House Surgery stand there.

Dave Day (Deeday) (1947-52)

OBITUARIES



ANNETTE KARMILOFF-SMITH CBE (Née SMITH 1950-55)

From Paul Smith (1958-65)

My dear sister, the brilliant developmental neuropsychologist, has passed away and one of the brightest lights into the psychology of children's development has been dimmed. She had fond memories of her time at Edmonton County and was once invited back as guest of honour at Speech Day.

She actually started her professional life as a simultaneous interpreter for the UN, and then went on to study psychology and trained with Jean Piaget. She went into neuropsychology and starting rethinking some of the assumptions of how cognition was organised in the brain which, until then, had almost entirely been based on studies of adults with brain injury. These studies showed that some mental abilities could be independently impaired after brain damage, suggesting that there was a degree of 'modularity' in the organisation of cognitive functions. She investigated children with developmental disorders, like autism or William's syndrome, and showed that what seemed to be the 'natural' organisation of the brain in adults was actually a result of development itself—an approach she called neuroconstructivism. In other words, developmental disorders were not 'knocking out' specific abilities but affecting the dynamics of neurodevelopment as the child interacted with the world.

MARIAN PETERSON (QUARTERMAINE) (1945-52)

Put together by Arthur Spencer 1945-52, Jean Tumbridge (née Lucas) 1945-50, and Janice Patient (Baker) 1945-52, all classmates of Marian.



Marian, daughter of the beloved and feared 'Q', Senior Master for many years, including the 1940's and 1950's, joined Edmonton County School from Raglan in 1945. She was inevitably a clever pupil and excelled in most subjects, and played and participated in any sport available with reasonable skill and energy. She later progressed to being House Captain of George House and Head Girl in 1951-52. She had a strong speaking voice and won the school public speaking prize in her last year there.

She entered the University of Bristol, graduating in 1955, and became a career teacher of modern languages—French and German. She married and had a son and two daughters, and later nine grandchildren. Some long time after that marriage had ended she joined a Christian Singles Club and met and later married Dennis, a divorced Anglican Vicar. She was then a Vicar's wife in Brixton for several years, but returned to Winchmore Hill mid-week for her teaching post at Bishop Stopford's School in Enfield. On retirement she and Dennis moved to Westcliff-on-Sea, where she undertook voluntary work, especially including translating in the Courts and at conferences.

Marian's faith was always important to her, worshipping at the Plymouth Brethren Gospel Hall in Leighton Road, Bush Hill Park and then, of course, in Anglican Churches with Dennis. Until perhaps five years ago she regularly drove up from Westcliff to attend lunches with old friends from Leighton Hall and to play in and referee netball matches, and to the ECSOSA lunches.

This appreciation is unfortunately thin on Marian's professional life and later philosophy of life was very much into supporting many social and environmental causes, good, realistic and some idealistic, spread to an ever-widening contact list to receive such messages!

Jean was the only one of us able to attend Marian's funeral in Southend-on-Sea on December 2nd and she said Marian's son is the spitting image of 'Q' and made her feel she was back in an awful maths class!



JOHN FENN (1947-52) Remembered by his wife Leslie



John left Edmonton County School in 1952 when he left to serve a two year apprenticeship with Boots the Chemist. Following this he spent a year at Enfield Technical College studying for A-levels prior to getting a place at Chelsea School of Pharmacy. During this time he met Leslie, who he married in 1958. At the beginning of his career John worked for a private retail pharmacy in Edmonton, but this time was interrupted with a two year spell of National Service spent at Milbank Military Hospital. A spell in Pharmaceutical Industry followed, with 3 years at May & Bakers and a move to Brentwood, Essex. Next, a relocation to Kent in 1966 to take up a position in marketing with Abbott Laboratories on the Isle of Sheppey. He then decided to start a career in Retail Pharmacy and Fenns Chemists was born. By this time John and Leslie had 2 children, Alison and Matthew, and live in Borden, just outside Sittingbourne. As Leslie was also a qualified pharmacist it made it possible for Fenns Chemists to grow from 1 to 5 pharmacies over the next 10 years.

At the beginning of his working life John joined Edmonton round Table, which gave him and Leslie a wonderful social life and many lifelong friends. On moving John transferred first to Hutton and Shenfield RT and finally Sittingbourne RT. He became a member of local Rotary Club, where he was a very active member, leading a team to Florida for the Foundation and later a group to India for Eye camps. He started a Rotaract Club and helped set up a Probus. He played squash and golf fairly regularly, loved skiing and was a great DIY man. He enjoyed travelling and had many holidays and great times with his 4 granddaughters, which were a source of great joy. John retired in 1988, when Fenns Chemists was bought by Paydens Ltd. In 2007 he was diagnosed with Vascular Dementia, but he was able to live well with the help of his family and friends and worked with Alzheimer's Society to promote awareness of Dementia. He died peacefully at home where he was cared for by Leslie and his children.

Friends made during school years lasted John's lifetime, some of whom Leslie still sees from time to time.

SHEILA FISHER (nee OLIVE) (1943-48) writes

It was with great sadness that I read of the death of my old friend Marian Peterson (Quartermaine). We were great friends while growing up during the war years. While in my home, during an air-raid, we would stand at the entrance to my dad's Anderson shelter watching the V1 rockets (buzz bombs) approaching, then rush into the shelter as the engine cut out prior to crashing and exploding.

The Quartermaine family boasted two shelters—the Morrison indoors and a very plush Anderson in the back garden—wonderful for two young children to play 'house' in, as was the 30' caravan on the front drive. They were a lovely close family and such good neighbours, living just a few doors from my home. Their house was called "Boscastle"

I remember 'Q' had a wonderful recipe for vanilla ice cream, made from custard powder—always a treat for us in those days as it wasn't possible then to buy 'real' ice cream. Years later the 'Stop me and buy one' man would pedal round on his tricycle when we were able to purchase our favourite 'Snowfruits', a triangular lolly.



Sadly Marian and I lost touch in later years. She moved away and we both married, although we did occasionally bump into each other. That's when I realised she had turned into her mother, the absolute image of her. Did she think the same about me I wonder? I always think of her on her birthday, 28th January, and on my birthdays she always gave me a bunch of lily of the valley from the Quartermaine garden.

What a wealth of memories the sad news has opened up. God bless her!

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Sat. 18th Mar.	12.00 Noon.	Annual Luncheon Robin Hood.
Wed. 10th May	12.00 Noon. 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough. Committee Meeting
Wed. 12th July.	12.00 Noon. 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough Committee Meeting
Wed. 4th Oct.	12.00 Noon. 7.00 p.m.	Lunch at the Plough. A.G.M. followed by Committee Meeting

LAST ORDERS FOR OUR

ANNUAL LUNCHEON on SATURDAY 18th March 2017 12.30 for 1.000 p.m.
at The ROBIN HOOD, Botany Bay, The Ridgeway, Enfield, EN2 8AP
 Three course meal (order vegetarian option on booking) followed by coffee £25



First Name Surname Nee

Address

Years at School: 19..... To 19..... E-mail

I forward a cheque/postal order for £..... Made payable to ECSOSA
 Together with the full names of my guest/s.
 Please return this form, together with the appropriate payment, to David Day, 11 Coniston
 Green, Aylesbury, Bucks, HP20 2AJ. Tel: 01296 484382. E-mail: diddy11cg@talktalk.net

BRIAN WEST (1947-52) reflects

I was interested in the article by Derek Jay in the December Newsletter, and in particular the painting he made of a sailing ship at the entrance to the Art Room. I too was invited by Mr Woodward to paint a mural on the back wall of the Art Room depicting a ship building scene, and at the same time Roy Strong, from the year above, now of course Sir Roy Strong, painted a superb period costume scene, also on the rear wall.

Through Mr. Woodward we were both recommended to attend Saturday morning art classes at the Hornsey College of Art, which provided all types of art tasters for those wishing to take full time classes, and through that route Roy excelled, and eventually was in charge of the Victoria and Albert Museum. He was brilliant in his field, and an expert on costume. He has written books on art subjects and also published many articles on art, including garden designs.

I found the Art College extremely interesting, but realised my talent was not up to the standard to make a living so started an engineering apprenticeship.

And SIR ROY STRONG replies

I loved reading all that! My greatest regret in life is that my parents were so poor that the Art School path was too chancy, and if I won all the scholarships I could read history and become a teacher, then a safe job with a pension at the end of it. You will remember how tough it was in the 1950's and my grandparents lived in fear of ending in the workhouse. Another age. I was also cripplingly shy as a boy and found Hornsey difficult to cope with. I still have the scripts for the two plays I wrote, one 'The Abdication' and the other 'Pavane for Dead Lovers' (!!) about Mary Queen of Scots. I have also kept a huge file of my artwork from that period. Years after Doris Staples sent back to me the costume designs that I did for a French play, 'Le Cid'. I have the watercolour of the set I did for 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and much else. I was, as Brian writes, fascinated by historical costume, and indeed cut out and machined a sixteenth century doublet for one of the productions. I used to paint the scenery in some attic above the stage.

I have now entered my ninth decade and will probably make ninety. I have always moved forwards, so I've been changing things in the house, and part of the change has been to make an area in which I can start painting again, probably very bad watercolours. But who cares? I had the good fortune to marry into what I most wanted to do, design for the theatre.

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, JAMIE VARDY!

I am still getting over the last football season when the team that I have supported since a wee lad managed to win the Premiership after over a hundred unsuccessful campaigns, stretching back to the nineteenth century. Actually we won it handsomely by ten points and only three league defeats, and the name of Leicester City echoed all around the world. And there were many great goals to celebrate, none better than the fantastic shot which Jamie Vardy put into the Liverpool net from a distance of thirty metres. It was almost as good as the goal I must tell you about.

We have to go back to 1956, to the October of that year. It was round two of the London Old Boys' cup and the Old Edmontonians were drawn to play Old Danes over on their ground at Hanger Lane, North West London. I was faced with an acute difficulty because that particular Saturday morning my office was moving lock, stock and barrel from Shoreditch and we were all detailed to go to Ilford to unload the removal vans and set up the new office. These were the days when you only had the occasional Saturday morning off—one in three if your were lucky! There was no way I could get to Hanger Lane in time for the kick off if I went to Ilford. I managed to strike a deal with the Office Manager. If I got to Shoreditch in the early hours and helped with the loading of the vans I could clear off when that was done and there would be no need to go to Ilford.

Everything went according to plan to start with. The vans were loaded up and went on their way. All I had to do was to lock up and make my way to Hanger Lane. As I made a final check I passed by the counter and tripped over a desk which had been propped up against it. I fell to the floor and the corner of the falling desk impacted with my left thigh. For a moment I believed the leg was broken, and even when I got to my feet I could hardly stand. After a brief rest I decided to limp to an adjacent pharmacy and buy a bottle of Wintergreen embrocation. This was Alf Gant's remedy for minor strains—surely it might help me? I limped back to the deserted Shoreditch office, removed my trousers and applied a liberal amount of the Wintergreen. Then, for a good hour, I began a programme of running up and down three flights of stairs, stopping regularly to apply more of the embrocation. Eventually I felt that the leg was supple and the pain minimal, so I felt I might manage to play this match. I put my trousers on, collected my football kit and made my way to the ground. I seemed to recall that we had laid on a coach for the match as several supporters came with us, and one was Len Outridge, I am fairly certain.

Old Danes played two leagues above us and must have fancied their chances, faced as they were by only 10 fit Old Eds! We got off to a good start and Bob Noble scored for us early on. I was managing quite well, my leg was holding up and the pain was tolerable. Then I scored this amazing goal, and of the 86 I scored for the OE's in 9 seasons this strike at Hanger Lane stands out! The ball bounced between two opponents, who hesitated, and I ran between them and volleyed the ball with my left foot. From all of 30 metres it crashed into the top corner of the Old Danes' net and I totally forgot my injured leg as I cavorted around the pitch with my arms raised aloft! I am sure Jamie Vardy would have rated it—certainly I have never forgotten it.



All this was too much for Old Danes, who conceded four more and we came home with a brilliant victory. When we disembarked from the coach I fell over as my leg had totally seized up! Not sure how I got home, but it didn't seem to matter. I had created a memory which is still with me sixty years later.

Bobby Goodman (1944-49)

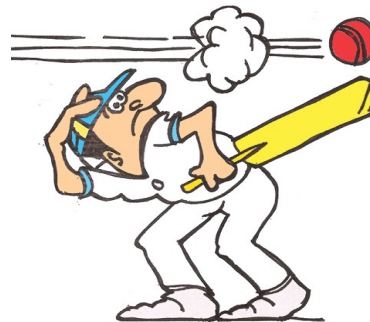
ACCIDENTS HAVE THEIR PLACE

By **ALAN FLOOK (1951-56)**

So many paths that one treads start as an accident. I have been blessed with several 'accidents' in my life, and looking back and not believing in divine providence, it is hard to explain such things. I blame my sons for a couple of them ...

My older son went to a swimming school and had a degree of talent which led to him joining in some relatively low level competitive swimming. These galas needed people to use a stopwatch and they never had enough 'volunteers', so I was prevailed upon to do some timekeeping. It was then pointed out to me that various other poolside roles existed, and having taken various tests I qualified as a judge. I went on to officiate at a reasonable level even well after my son gave up swimming. The aspect that always amused my family and friends was that I couldn't, and still can't, swim!

A similar situation occurred in respect of cricket, which both my sons played at school. At that time we lived close to the ground used by the Old Boys of that school, and we would get a call on a Sunday morning to see if one or other of the lads would fill a gap in the team. Being a dutiful dad, I would usually go and watch, and almost inevitably



got called upon to don the white coat now and again. I had a passing understanding of what was required, but it wasn't too long before some kind soul pointed out some of the intricacies of the game and that I could fill in the monumental gaps in my knowledge by attending a course. This I did, and over the next few years moved up the umpiring ladder quite a few rungs. I umpired in the Middlesex County League for 23 years, stood in several major cup finals, was on the County Second XI list, and stood in some pre-season first class County games. Again, I take pride in the fact that I achieved quite a high status without ever having played the game beyond the school playground level.

Perhaps I have left it too late, but I think my next target should be to qualify as an official in a sport I have never even seen. Suggestions welcome!!

Published by the Edmonton County School Old Scholars' Association.

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